

MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

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PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1865.

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The Republican.

OFFICE,
Over Pershing's Drug Store.

I. MATTINGLY,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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174, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PLYMOUTH, IND.,
THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1865.

A Just Tribute to Western Soldiers.

The splendid fighting qualities exhibited by the armies of the West, says the Indianapolis Journal, in the present war, could not fail to attract the attention of observers in other portions of the country, and has given the civilized world a higher appreciation of American prowess than was previously entertained.

The Philadelphia North American, in commenting upon the recent successes in Tennessee, after giving praise to the cavalry under General Wilson, pays the following compliment to the infantry who routed Hood from his entrenched positions in front of Nashville.

The strength of that army lay in its superb infantry, trained under the lead of such men as Generals Thomas, A. J. Smith, Schofield, Stanley, Wood, etc.—Our western infantry has throughout this war been superior to any of the rebel infantry against which it has been arrayed.—At Nashville it fought with the same courage as everywhere else, driving the foe at the point of the bayonet, storming breastworks, and winning the chief laurels of battle by sheer valor and desperate fighting. In a pitched battle, and when well handled, this splendid infantry can always gain a victory.

The remarks of our Philadelphia contemporary are just. There has never been a better or braver body of infantry than that which has fought the great battles of the Mississippi Valley.

Served Them Right.

During the present war, says the Indianapolis Journal, many families of rebel officers have established themselves in the North, where they have enjoyed all the protection and benefits accorded to our most loyal people, and have been enabled to act as spies without interruption. We believe that the wives of at least two rebel generals are now domiciled in the city of New York, and it is not long since the wife and daughter of the pirate Semmes used to receive marked attention at balls, and other places of amusement in another of our Northern cities, from soft-headed fellows who took this method of showing their admiration for rebellion and robbery.

Presuming on the past indulgence of our authorities, the wife, daughter and son of the rebel General Preston, formerly of Louisville, recently arrived at Boston from England, where, much to their surprise, they were refused permission to land, and were also denied the privilege of going by rail to Canada. This is right. We have no use in this country for rebels in high life, and they can do no more mischief in Canada than they could here. Their proper place is down South with their rebel protectors.

An Important Discovery.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
The public will be interested to learn that the claim of Prof. Goessling (a German chemist, residing, we believe at Cincinnati), to the discovery of a new process whereby crystallized sugar can be made from corn starch, is about to be put to a practical test. It was said that the professor had succeeded by this process in obtaining three and a half to four gallons of beautiful white syrup from a bushel of corn; and had at last solved the problem which has heretofore puzzled the chemists all over the world, by discovering a method of turning this syrup into granulated sugar, similar to the product of the cane. The production of the syrup is doubtless true, although we may be a little skeptical in regard to the quantity said to be obtained from a bushel of corn. This syrup is beautifully white, and can be used even in tea without darkening the infusion. Moreover the process is said to be so simple that it may be carried on in a small way in the kitchen of any farm house, with only the ordinary household utensils. If this syrup can be crystallized like the saccharine matter from cane, then the whole world may well be called upon to rejoice over the discovery. A company of wealthy gentlemen in this city have purchased the secret we understand, for \$400,000, and having taken the steps to obtain a patent, propose to erect a factory to test its usefulness. We have also been told, although we have not the means at hand to verify the information, that an old process is in use for making syrup from potato starch, which is very similar to the discovery above noticed. The whole question is one of great interest, and will excite much public attention.

The results which are destined to flow from the new discovery are so vast, and of such national importance, that they will readily suggest themselves to reflective minds. The Northwestern States of America are the greatest sources of the world's production of maize or Indian corn. The vast prairies are capable of producing an almost unlimited supply of corn, and under the process of development to which they have been subjected, the problem has arisen, as to how their golden harvest shall best be secured to the world and made available in the great economy of life.

The corn crop of the west, limitless as it may be in the future, is now destined to become the source of the world's supply of sugar, or its equivalent, syrup, and the West, the repository of untold wealth, will be the source of sugar manufacture will, to a great extent, derange the old currents of trade. The west will become a great sugar-producing region, as well as a great corn-growing region. Its great staple will be compacted both in bulk and value, for the manipulations of commerce. The sugar consumed by the West will be cheapened by escaping railroad freight on the corn required to produce it, and the westward freight on the manufactured staple.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS, TO THE PATRONS OF THE Marshall County Republican, January 2, 1865.

PATRONS AND FRIENDS.—Again I come, Now the sands of Sixty-Four are run, I come to you, with this my lay, On this auspicious New Year's day.

The old year now has run its race, And I have not the time or space, To tell you all that has been done, Since over us his reign begun.

He found us in a bloody strife, Our nation gasping for its life; Foul Treason strove with impious hand, To banish Freedom from our land.

In Chattanooga, held at bay, Our shattered western army lay, While rife and hill, and stony crag, Were bristling with the troops of Bragg.

And in Virginia, soon reverse Had met our arms,—and what was worse, Lee threatened with his traitor hand, To cross Potomac's shining strand; And loudly threatened that he meant To burn our seat of Government.

But Vicksburg's hero now we see, Upon the soil of Tennessee, Which made the women feel the weight Of Generalship, for them too great.

The rebel host at rest secure, Deeming their route of Grant was sure, And all was merry with them now, Behind their works on Lookout's brow.

While all below is still profound, To traitors care is borne no sound, Yet from that place where silence slept, Our noble Union Army swept, And soon the rebels in wonder blank, Beheld our boys on front and flank.

In vain they strove to push clear through, The serried ranks of Union blue, They're driven from their strongest hold, And victory crowned our soldiers bold.

Then on, o'er vale and mountain top, Our noble army did not stop, 'Till yielding to their shot and shell, Fell Georgia's strongest citadel.

And now the rail road city lies, A ruined heap beneath the skies, While desolation reigns around, Where peace and plenty did abound.

That army which was held at bay, Where does their banner wave to day? Hundreds of miles from Tennessee, It proudly flies beside the sea.

And Lee, the haughty rebel chief, Poor soul he has not sundered grief; For though he did not suit his grace, Grant forced him to change his base, From where Potomac's waters fall, To Richmond's canon guarded wall.

And Lee's Grant's prisoner you can bet, As safe as in Fort Lafayette, The Union chief has drawn his line, And Richmond's bound to fall this time.

Our Navy claims a notice too, God bless her hardy gallant crew, Who 'tis our nation's pride to see, Ri' fearless o'er the trackless sea.

Though young it be in point of years, She never from a foe man steers, And proud old Britain is to be, No more the mistress of the sea.

Old pirate Semmes, the scoundrel, Sailed long beneath the rebel flag; With France and England to secrete This highway robber of the deep.

By the success he'd always had, He thought to whip our frigate, The Alabama came off him, And Captain Semmes was forced to swim.

The Albatross, the southern boast, And Florida, off Brazil's coast, With many more which I might name, To show our prowess on the main.

But while we view with honest pride, The gathering storm on freedom's side, We'll drop a tear—me softly tread, Above our nation's glorious dead.

Who sleep within their unknown grave, Upon the soil they died to save.

Their met death in a thousand forms, In quiet camp, and battles' storm, Hundreds within the slave's power, Have lingered many a weary hour.

Their covering Heaven's arching dome, The cold damp earth their couch alone; 'Till with their last expiring breath, The sufferer gladly welcomed death.

To speak their praise we'll never tire, While burns one spark of freedom's fire; And cherished shall their memory be Who fought and died for liberty.

Not on the tented field alone, Is heroism—but at home—The soldier leaves, perhaps a wife, Or mother, sister, in whose life Is courage true, that bright will shine, Coeval with the life of Time.

The valor of the battle field, Before that wife and mother yield, Who gave their boy and husband brave, On southern soil to find a grave.

God cheer their defenseless head, Now their protecting friends are dead. They sit beside a vacant chair, And habilitations of mourning wear.

Then may our people not despise The widow's wail, the orphan's cries, But nobly stand in place of him Who fell and the battle died.

The year has hurried to the grave, The young, the beautiful and brave, Some have gone to the silent tomb, In robust health, at life's high noon, While thousands by diseases led, Have joined the nations of the dead.

The tender plant that God had given, Has been transplanted cold to heaven; And hourly aye with locks of snow, Has gone where all must shortly go.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter come, The same course they again begun, And thus the world moves on apace, And others take our place, And so it has been all the way, From Adam down until this day.

The New Year finds our granaries filled With all the wealth from earth distilled; Of corn and wheat we have our share, And some to foreign nations spare.

While 'neath the surface of the ground, Exhaustless mineral wealth is found, Old ocean bears upon her breast, The products of the fertile west, In ships, whose stary flag's unfurled, In every harbor of the world.

The angel Peace has spread her hands Between us and all foreign lands, Though despoils see with jealous eye The star of Freedom rising high.

Which, like the star of Bethlehem, Its beauteous light will ere long send, Until our earth's dark corners shine With liberty to all mankind.

No words of mine can e'er convey The half we see this NEW YEAR'S DAY, The loyal mass of human minds Around our liberty entwined.

No power beneath the circling sun Can check the march so well begun, The powers above have clothed with might The cause of Justice, Truth and Right.

Then let it come—we only pray, God speed the longest for happy day, When peace again throughout our land Shall on the base of freedom stand.

And then our flag—God bless each star That shines unfurled through clouds of war, Glorious stripes, we love you well, Since near your fold our brothers fell, As borne by victory on high, Thy colors blessed his dying eye.

Perennial emblem that our fathers gave, Still shall above the land wave, And palmed be the land that dare, That banner from the staff to tear.

And now kind friends enough is said,— My annual message you have read, And if I wrong views in them there be, I know you'll not fall out with me.

For I have hurriedly glanced o'er, The great events of Sixty-Four, And in my next I hope to tell, That what's begun has ended well.

Now of myself shall I say, I've been among you day by day, Through mud and rain and snow and sleet, I've brought your paper every week, Now, I propose through thirty five, If you are well, and I'm alive, To be around each Thursday morn, Though clear or cloudy, cold or warm, And to deposit as before, The Union paper at your door.

For now kind patrons, thanks to you, For patience in hearing me through, May blessings of health, and of peace, Surround you as years shall increase, And now with the best of good cheer, I wish you a "HAPPY NEW YEAR!" And I'll know life's highest joy, Deal generous by the

CARRIER BOY.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD CASUALTY.

Particulars of the Late Disaster on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad—Barring of Passenger Cars—Heart-Rendering Incidents, &c.

From the Cleveland Leader, December 24.

It is our painful duty to record another terrible railroad calamity, by which five persons lost their lives, and a large number have been seriously, if not fatally, injured.

As our readers have already learned, the accident happened to the mail train on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh road, which left this city at eight o'clock yesterday morning.

The train had arrived at a small trestlework bridge, about a mile north of Hudson, when the locomotive struck a rail which is supposed, had been broken or displaced by the frost.

The locomotive, baggage car and the first passenger coach passed safely over, but the coach struck the bridge, entirely demolishing it, and precipitating the second and third coaches into the ravine—the second breaking in two and falling on the west side of the bridge, where it was entirely destroyed by fire; and the third falling on the east side, where it now lies, pretty badly smashed up.

After passing the bridge, the first passenger coach caught fire from the upsetting of the coaches, and was completely consumed.

The conductor of the train, Mr. O. F. Jenkins, had a narrow escape from death or serious injury. He had just stepped in to the forward passenger car as the accident happened. Had he remained in the second car a moment longer the painful duty of chronicling his death might have been ours.

There were a number of soldiers on the train, several of whom, we understand, received slight contusions and scratches—while one of the soldiers lost his leg, and was fixed by a bayonet. If this be so it is the greatest wound in the world that no greater number were fatally injured.

As soon as they could extricate themselves from the wreck, those of the passengers who were uninjured immediately set to work removing the dead, and those who were wounded and unable to free themselves from the mass of seats, cushions, broken windows, burning coils, &c., under which they were buried. Among the first taken out was Oliver H. Perry, of this city, who had with him his gun and a valuable dog, being on a hunting excursion—a pastime which he dearly loved. It is said he would go, in the cold, bleak winter, and stay several days in the woods, with no shelter but a hut made of boughs. A pocket book, containing several hundred dollars in greenbacks, thirteen dollars in silver, and a recipe for some kind of dog medicine, was found, which, it is supposed, belonged to Mr. Perry.

The most melancholy and heart-rending bereavement is that of the little daughter of J. H. Robinson. Her father, mother and self were on the way from their home in Michigan to make a holiday visit to friends in Pennsylvania. When death, in thought, of this lovely child, then from her, and she is left alone in this wide world, an orphan. Her lamentations were piteous in the extreme.

Some of the wounded were taken to houses in the vicinity of the accident; but the dead and the greater portion of the injured were removed to Hudson as speedily as possible, where the killed were washed and laid out, side by side, in an unoccupied hotel; and the wounded received every attention, medical and otherwise, at the hands of the good people of Hudson.

During the day, yesterday, the city was wild with excitement, and the telegraph offices and depot were besieged by anxious friends and persons eager to learn the particulars of the sad affair, which has cast a deep gloom over many a household. The news of the calamity spread through the country like wildfire, and hundreds of people flocked to the scene of the accident.—The town of Hudson was literally filled with country conveyances of every description.

At the first intimation of the accident wrecking trains were immediately sent out, which were soon followed by trains containing bridge materials and the necessary implements for the erection of a new bridge. The company intend to have the road in running order in the shortest possible time. In the meanwhile arrangements have been perfected for the transfer of passengers and baggage from one side of the bridge to the other.

The company are not in the least to blame for the accident, as the bridge was nearly new and the road in perfect order, the cause of the accident being clearly the breaking of a rail by frost.

Mr. Lincoln's "Latest, Shortest and Best Speech."

The Washington Chronicle tells of the visit of two ladies from Tennessee to the President this week, Thursday, who went to obtain the release of their husbands, held as prisoners at Johnson's Island. They were put off until Friday, when they came again, and were again put off until Saturday. At each of the interviews one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man, and on Saturday, when the President ordered the release of the prisoners, he said to this lady: "You say your husband is a religious man. Tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that in my opinion, the religion that set men to rebel and fight against their Government because, as they think, that Government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the